THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

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VIRGINIA C. ELLARD

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THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

The Unity of Life and Spirit

By Virginia G. Ellard

New York
The Grafton Press
Publishers

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To

Mrs. Bentley Matthews

This Volume is

Affectionately Dedicated

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PREFACE

The world has outgrown the belief in man's original depravity and innate sinfulness.

A Message of Hope, Love, and Regeneration has been unfolded. An uplifting philosophy has become the basis of our moral ethics—that God reveals Himself in man is the fundamental principle. If this is true, man must continually rise to higher levels. To do this, he passes through a discipline of suffering, pain and sorrow, and perhaps of sin and moral weakness, but the Divine element is dormant and will eventually assert itself.

Knowing our heritage as sons of God, there are no heights to which we cannot reach. When under the control of our best thoughts, when our souls are lifted by aspiration, when we struggle and strive to realize our high ideals, 'tis then that the spirit of God moves within us. The Divinity of man is

revealed and humanity becomes capable of infinite progression. Then is born the comforting Hope, which becomes Reality in every advancing step in man's career. His identity with God cannot be destroyed. From the humblest workman to the most gifted child of genius will emanate the light Divine, to fulfil human destiny.

God finds us when, in the silence of self-communion, our spiritual natures rise uppermost. Man is revealed to himself when the influences of Truth, Beauty, and Love sway him. By this self-revelation he grasps in response the hand of the Deity, warm with the pulsations of a Divine Humanity, a hand ever leading upward and onward in its guidance.

No matter how distorted by environment or education, man's divine nature can be evolved by influence. When he can be persuaded to live up to high ideals, that will develop character and engender within him the altruistic sentiment that makes self-sacrifice a duty and a pleasure, it is then the true spirit of God will reign in our midst.

PREFACE

When as a regenerating force man, as brother man, reaches out his hand to another, to bring him to the level of grace to which he belongs, the spirit will again reign, firm and strong, above all debasing influences. In the use of the world's great forces we need these spiritual teachers to lead us toward the upright, higher life, which will eventually rule the earth.

The spirit is made manifest by noble deeds, by a kindling of enthusiasm which dares to aspire to accomplish everything, prompted by an unsatisfied desire for good, until virtue and righteousness rule supreme in our lives. Then we cast off the shackles of doubt and superstition, of depression and despair. All Truth becomes ours, because it is from God, of whom we are a part. It is the realization of this idea, which dignifies our work.

When man realizes the intellectual treasures he is able to grasp, the deep unfolding of Thought which may be developed in his own mind, the heights of Spiritual truth to which he may aspire, the nobleness

which can be interwoven in human character, there can exist no reason in self-disparagement. Self-confidence and self-respect should be inherent.

A man's innate consciousness of Immortality can never be destroyed. He can say, "I am one with the Divine Essence. I can put Ignorance, Dishonor, Falsehood beneath my feet. I can reach toward and obtain Righteousness by reason of my birth-right—my intellectual and spiritual lineage."

The truest religion is in putting our best thoughts, our holiest inspirations into action. In narrow creeds are found the limitations of spiritual life. The God within us breaks down these barriers. The soul is free. It feeds on truths, fresh from the garden of Heaven, ere the juices are dried by blind and bigoted prejudice.

A man's liberal nature craves unextinguishable light, but light ever increasing in brilliancy and power, as intellect and spirit are true to their Divine origin. It is the gifted ones of earth who must reveal a message to their less favored brothers—a

message that will elevate more and more, reaching upward until it meets the full promise of all the truth that lies in the heart and mind. It is the spiritual man who is the risen man, for he is the revelation of the God principle that abides within us all. Divinity no limitations give. Beyond the realm of earth our progress will be as boundless as Infinity.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

HUMANITY! Before thy shrine I kneel,
God manifest within each mortal lives,
Divinity no limitation gives,
Life only hides what Death will yet reveal.

Man dwells with God, eternal as the skies,
Though dust to dust, he mingles with the earth,
But his triumphant spirit, true to Celestial birth,
To its Immortal source will ever rise.

No life can fail that reaches out to see
Pure, high ideals. These lift and consecrate
The Aspiration of our human state,
If noble aims become Reality.

Life's discords rise; we struggle to suppress
The sounds so harsh by all the Spirit's strength,
But when true notes are found, the Song at length
Breaks forth, in sweet accord with holiness.

Through furnace fires of sorrow and of pain
We find the Wisdom, pure and undefiled,
That lifts the soul, to Heaven reconciled,
Above all dross, which once had left its stain.

No sin innate makes cowards in life's race,
With guilt and shame the heritage of all;
For we surmount the story of man's fall,
When God reflects His light upon our face.

II

Man's life! God's boon for passing days and years,
To gather roses from the paths around,
To taste of Joy, to hear Grief's saddening sound,
To rise in strength, as Hope again appears.

Be thou as God, the source from whence man came,
Then holy thought will blossom as a rose
And, as a revelation, will disclose
The radiant soul, with Light and Love aflame.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Mature the gift that thou canst call thine own,
  Unfold it to its highest strength and power,
  Uplift the souls that share it hour by hour,
By spreading truth, where'er thy fruits are known.

Ere Death can claim thee, cleanse thy soul anew,
  No more thy fleshly garments to bewail,
  By Sanctity pierce Error's misty veil,
Which hides a God from all our human view.

No darkness reigns, whene'er the curtain falls
  Before man's fleeting days upon Life's stage,
  For all inspiring thoughts from Youth to Age,
Arise to light when Death, the Master, calls.

He is the Sovereign over human clay,
  Whose frigid hand breaks all the potter's work,
  But in this hand, the secret springs doth lurk,
Which opens wide the portals of the day.

III

When Thought and Love have entered in the soul,
To keep it free from every earthly flaw,
Men's deeds become as God's own written law,
To lead all lives to their Eternal goal.

To every soul God's secrets are unveiled,
Made manifest in perfect works and deeds,
No living Truth from wakened lives recedes,
But stands a fortress, ever unassailed.

Life's bitter fruit we taste by Grief and Pain,
But 'neath the struggle we can e'er renew
The spirit's strength, all weakness to subdue,
That in the heart the peace of God may reign.

From hopes fulfilled in ardent, eager youth,
From vigorous contest of maturer age,
We meet the fate of human heritage,
To pluck at last the full-bloomed rose of Truth.

Bind not thy spirit, cramp it not by walls
  Of hard conventions, but let it find
  Its scope and use from each aspiring mind,
From every heart, that Error's face appalls.

Where lives the spirit, where doth it abound?
  In Nature's forms, in pure and holy thought,
  In Art and Life—wherever Truth has sought
A dwelling place, its presence e'er is found.

Within an inner world are regions blest
  With Light and Love, whose Joy we ever feel—
  The greatest boon the spirit can reveal,
To free the soul from questioning unrest.

IV

Look on thy brother, as the Maker sees
  All hidden traits, that 'neath the surface lie,
  His aim, his purity, his purpose high,
His faith and love, from which dishonor flees.

Come close to human hearts, bearing thy gifts,
The smile of love, of confidence and trust,
Let not thy words be scattered as the dust,
But hallowed by a message that uplifts.

The soul's deep meaning, with electric thrill,
A sympathetic glance will oft convey,
For hearts can feel what tongues can never say,
While grasping hands Life's mission help fulfil.

Not by the form or feature do we see
Our brother man. His nature is concealed,
'Till by the spirit's converse is revealed
The inner source of true identity.

Men serve the best, who follow close the law
Of altruistic work, who smile and laugh,
When other ones but bitter dregs would quaff
And 'round their lives gloom's curtains tightly draw.

Ennoble self by deep aspiring Thought,
  Reach out to tread the higher, better plane,
  Be purified by sacrifice and pain,
Fulfil the truth each earnest one has sought.

Soul-blessed from his Creator, Man is born
  And brighter gleams the sun for him each day,
  A hand Omnipotent will lead his way,
For sin inherent ne'er is his to mourn.

V

A Seer's prophetic sight of Destiny
  Is given Man, who knows and feels
  The truth, by which Divinity reveals
The human right to Immortality.

As we progress in our ideal aims
  And each becomes a firm reality,
  Then from the broader outlook we can see
Fulfilment, in the work our Manhood claims.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Throughout all space, heights Infinite are found,
Time is submerged into Eternity,
Thus limitless the growth, that e'er shall be
Within each life, where holy truths abound.

Pure thoughts proceed from an Eternal source,
Impressed on Man, God's message e'er to bear,
They live forever, while all Ages share
The deathless influence, which marks their course.

When hearts by virtue and by love are filled,
A unity of converse we can find
With each sincere and earnest brother's mind,
Above all Thought, by scholars' lore instilled.

God's inspiration rests upon the Word,
Which thrills and moves the life to higher ends,
That prompts to active holiness and sends
The noble aims, by which the heart is stirred.

VI

From dews and darkness comes the glorious morn,
The rising splendor of the golden day,
So souls awakened banish night away,
To view the hues of an Immortal dawn.

Oh, lift thine eyes unto the mountain crest,
E'en if thy steps tread in the vales below,
And though keen winds amid the shadows blow,
Thine upward glance will give thy spirit rest.

Within each passing day lie hopes and fears,
Aspiring Thought, the struggle of the soul,
The conflict and the triumph, to crown the whole
Of life with strength to meet the coming years.

Ask not the nature of life's work for thee,
For at thy hand it lies, all incomplete,
Waiting thy zeal to master and to meet
Each obstacle, o'ercome by energy.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

When bowed beneath the weight of sorrow's pain,
No words of wisdom serve for hearts that bleed,
Philosophy is as a broken reed,
The spirit's strength must comfort and sustain.

Think not a martyr's cross is thine alone,
For many touch the depths thy feet have trod,
On many rests the loving hand of God,
Which led thee safe o'er paths of thorn and stone.

For stricken hearts there ever can be found
Deep sympathy within the human heart;
In selfish grief men ne'er should dwell apart,
When work and love for living ones abound.

Sing from thy heart a glad and happy song
To herald light, that all its strains may sway
Thy life with joy, that e'en at closing day
The echoing cadence may be borne along.

VII

Within all human life exists the seed
For man's increasing growth, which ne'er will rest
'Till full fruition meets his earnest quest,
When God, revealed by His own light, will lead.

We harmonize each feeling, thought and deed
With God's Eternal, Universal law,
If from our lives, with courage, we withdraw
Blighting Desire, on which the senses feed.

When 'neath a homely visage we can trace
Lines marked by Love, in sacrifice and pain,
That other lives might sunny heights attain,
'Tis then the spirit's light illumes the face.

Each man can live within the pure, white light
Of grace ineffable, with trusting soul,
A legacy of influence, to roll
Throughout the ages, with effulgence bright.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Self isolation will not make thee free,
'Tis Thought and Action in their struggling strife,
Which shapes the man by earnest, eager life
To wield the power that aids Humanity.

All Aspiration boundless scope implies,
We seek the Wisdom that can never end,
Until, at length, our spirit's growth will blend
With that Immortal life, which in us lies.

From each good act, a greater can evolve,
Our deeds reach out unto Eternity
And, ever striving, Man with hope can see
The mighty issues, that his zeal can solve.

By self-surrender, casting from our lives
The idols, that we worshipped long in vain,
We find in God the strength, which will sustain
With love, until each sinking heart revives.

VIII

Real issues of our lives the poet tells
  In ideal strains. With him all purpose lies
  In Infinite endeavor, e'er to rise
To levels pure, where highest Beauty dwells.

Sweet is the melody within the sound
  Of rhythmic line or music's highest phase,
  Lifting the soul unto the realms of praise,
Wherein true worship ever may be found.

True Art will e'er the inner sense reveal,
  The ideal form, in unison with soul,
  While tints, beneath the spirit's own control,
Will all debasing aim or thought conceal.

Grieve not for Fame, that ne'er came unto thee,
  The blighted life, that never bore its fruit,
  For 'neath thy Fate is still the living root
From which to strive, with Aspiration free.

In sweet, ecstatic vision we can see
  The hopes of life, in perfect form fulfilled,
  But e'en from dreams let courage be instilled,
To broaden work by strong activity.

Love's tale is often read in version new
  To each who listens to the thrilling page,
  A tender memory in the years, when age
Has sealed the book, to hide it from our view.

Youth and sweet Love, the lily and the rose,
  The wine of Life, o'er brimming from the bowl,
  The bitter hours, the sad and chastened soul,
Then Peace, the gem that in the ashes glows.

IX

Beneath all Art exists the primal thought
  Co-ordinate with God, e'er it became
  Embodied by expression, when Man's aim
Reached out for Truths Divinity had taught.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Preserve thy soul in true and lasting grace,
  By Love's immortal glow within the heart,
  Let Song and Beauty be of life a part,
Their deeper meaning ever to embrace.

By light within, Life's precepts have been found,
  That leads to Wisdom, which in God doth dwell
  In unity with Man, each heart to tell
Where Love Divine and Holiness abound.

In sluggish beat, my stinted heart throbbed slow,
  Bereft of trust, of love and sympathy,
  'Till God through Man spake tenderly to me,
Henceforth the potent springs of Life I know.

Crave not to rest, but strive to do and dare.
  Bring all achievement to a noble end
  And utter words, that courage may descend
To hearts that know life's suffering and despair.

Think not the ardor of impetuous youth
  Will give thee strength to conquer evil Fate,
  For only those its influence can abate,
Whose earnest zeal is fed by living Truth.

X

We consecrate our lives by sending thought
  To other souls, which lifts them to the source
  Of higher things by pure Suggestion's force,
Bearing the message Hope and Love has taught.

When men speak heart to heart, no barriers hide
  The revelation of all thoughts divine;
  These wait expression, as God's outward sign,
That in Man's life His Presence doth abide.

Check not the tide of human love and zeal
  By dogma harsh and cold. Let hearts be free,
  United in the bonds of sympathy,
Where deeds express the faith that men may feel.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

In each man's heart will harmony increase,
In motive, deed and action, if the sense
Of sordid purpose is hid by light intense
From love within, by which all discords cease.

From misdirected work the bonds arise
That chain us to the paths of selfish greed,
But soon the soul asserts its potent need
In active strength, wherein stern duty lies.

When one great love the life of Man has blessed,
Above all cruel fate he can arise,
To find repose and peace, that ever lies
Within the realm, where God's own gifts are best.

Man doubts and questions, losing faith in creeds,
For e'er Theology can conclusions reach,
He learns a lesson that it cannot teach—
The ministry of Love to human needs.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

XI

Life's harmonies by God's own law unfold
  The highest strains of Aspiration, Hope,
  And limitless the Song's melodious scope,
Whose deep vibrations hearts can ever hold.

Within the heavy clouds deep darkness dwells,
  Beneath whose pall our hearts are filled with pain,
  But looking up, we see the light again,
As sunshine on the heights all mist dispels.

Unfolding truth no tenet can conceal,
  Man's meditation sets each precept free,
  The inner vision every phase can see
In all progressive steps that souls reveal.

Accept the gifts that fall within thy hands
  And double these, by giving from thy store
  Of Sympathy and Love forevermore—
The greatest boon the human heart demands.

Rise to the heights in pure and rounded grace
  Of Character—from Evil's power free,
  Clothed with the Light of Immortality,
Thou soon shall see thy Maker face to face.

Thou hast within thyself a conquering force,
  A weapon strong for combat, in thy might,
  'Till from the conflict rises Truth and Right,
To lead Man near his great Eternal Source.

XII

Hope spreads her pinions o'er the deep abyss,
  Hiding the wrecks of dark and shattered lives,
  For 'neath these wings the vital spark survives,
That Man may all his future fears dismiss.

Fearless and bold we stand before Truth's door,
  With vision clear, if Faith and Trust prevail;
  By looking up our quest can never fail,
But step by step unfolds forevermore.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

The pure in heart, by each ennobling thought,
  Can rear a fortress for the human soul;
  Entrenched within, Man's spirit can control
God's power Divine, with holy wisdom fraught.

Let deep response within thy heart have place,
  When high, inspiring words fall on the ear,
  These messengers, perchance, to bring man near
The sanctuary of God's lasting grace.

Within thyself discerning power lies
  To know the Truth, which thou canst claim thine
    own,
  To bring it into sweet, harmonious tone
With every thought and act that can arise.

'Tis standards false, which make the spirit fail,
  When foul deceit and guile stand at the door
  To quench Faith's flaming torch forevermore,
Before whose light none should as cowards quail.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Man stands above all fate that Error brings;
With years Immortal crowned, he knows his God,
Nor feels himself a base, unworthy clod,
But filled with grace to holiness he clings.

The soul of Man, eternal as the sun,
Finds in itself Truth's infinite resource,
And in Humanity the earnest force
To onward press, 'till all God's gifts are won.

God's revelation needs no written word,
Within the spirit doth His Presence dwell,
His message and His Will Divine to tell,
By which sweet harmonies in our lives are stirred.

XIII

No passions e'er should leave the conscience seared,
To stamp on life a dark and lasting stain;
The higher nature can its strength sustain
Within the walls, that holiness has reared.

Each triumph o'er the flesh will liberate
  The pure emotions of the human heart,
  By which we feel that our Immortal part
Can rise supreme above all earthly fate.

By self-communion, we will find the food
  To nourish life in all the spirit needs,
  And as each selfish thought from Man recedes,
Deep, human sympathies will warm the blood.

Grow strong in all the grace God's love instills
  And shield the soul behind the solid wall
  Of Faith and Truth, then natures ne'er can fall,
But Man his highest destiny fulfils.

Through paths of conquest will our feet be led,
  When zealous in the cause of Right we serve,
  When from ideals true we never swerve,
'Till victory waves her flag above each head.

The soul at peace, by inner light can see
  The future realms of harmony and rest,
  A harbor safe, in regions of the blest,
On boundless shores of bright Infinity.

XIV

Warp not the mind by sordid, narrow thought,
  From higher levels will pure wisdom spring,
  The infinite resource, that God will bring
To fill the life with all His Love has taught.

Forshadows of the risen Man we see
  In those whose lives toward perfection strive,
  Who keep each grace within the heart alive,
Until incorporate with Divinity.

In questions where our doubt conceals the light,
  No true solution can we ever find
  'Till God's own Revelation to the mind
Brings us assurance, He will guide aright.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Pierce through the walls of hard, dogmatic thought,
That cramps the mind with effete, narrow creeds,
For Faith must wait on Judgment, that proceeds
From light increasing on the truths we sought.

As men in impulse and in thought are pure,
The ruling force within their words portray.
Thus from the seed, they scatter in their way,
Spring forth the precepts, ever to endure.

In the Ideals which our aims pursue,
We find the secret of our strength and power,
And striving thus to reach them hour by hour,
The spirit's true suggestion we renew.

Man's mind and heart! twin portions of the soul—
His intellect with boundless, daring scope,
With pure emotion, crowned by Love and Hope,
All bound beneath the spirit's firm control.

We are not as men deem our outward worth,
  Nor as vain pride would wish ourselves to be,
  For underlying our Humanity,
A Self Divine can rise above the earth.

XV

Men live by action firm, alert and strong,
  While pulses leap with stirring force and fire
  As deeds fulfil the earnest heart's desire
And bring the zeal, true efforts to prolong.

In silent realms Man's thought matures and blends
  Its essence with the universal mind,
  For then the soul unto itself can bind
Increasing power from light that never ends.

Let all our speech unfolding thought convey,
  A meaning deep, that lies beneath the word,
  That all men's hearts, when by true Feeling stirred,
Can know the precepts, souls will soon obey.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

As stores of wisdom to man's mind unfold,
Not with vain glory should he use the lore,
But make it serve his purpose more and more,
That life may higher aims and efforts hold.

From morning bright Night's darkness will succeed
And shadows fall, where sunshine once held sway,
But on thy heart no sadness e'er will prey,
When sympathy can reach a sufferer's need.

Within a nature pure dwells sweet repose,
A heart subdued to peace and soothing rest,
With thoughts by sanctity and reverence blessed,
By which reliant strength within us grows.

In every heart can spring a hopeful trust,
That darkened vision yet may see the light,
That purer joys, which make the soul's delight
Will guide each life by precept true and just.

Within true souls, strong energy survives,
God-given for the deep and larger ends,
The power and the purpose, which ever blends
Our daily work with worship, in our lives.

We pluck the flowers and drink Life's sparkling wine,
But 'neath the outer sense, within our reach,
Are untried gifts, God's heritage to each
To strengthen Man in character Divine.

XVI

Inspiration! the opened eyes to see
God's truths, to feel the pulse of Nature strong
With throbbing force—the silent song—
The hidden word—the inner sense set free.

With reverence we seek at Nature's shrine
The truths her presence can alone impress.
In holy silence, all our hearts confess
The inner strength from every outward sign.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

One spirit and one life pervades the whole
  Of Nature and of Man. One hand to move
  Their constant growth and progress, e'er to prove
The law harmonious, under God's control.

With Nature's strains, in unison we sing
  And heed the ministry her forms reveal,
  While reaching out to listen and to feel
The revelation, that her teachings bring.

Fair Beauty! Nature's favored child we see
  In flowers and field, in sunshine and in stream,
  Rising on crested waves, a passing gleam
Of earth and heaven, in mingled harmony.

Nature's Eternal law reveals God's plan
  Of Resurrection. The frosted leaves return
  With vital force. Immortal souls will spurn
The dust, a shroud no more for risen Man.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

With hearts o'erflowing, we sit at Nature's shrine,
  Whose harmonies in close communion draw
  Men's spirits, by the universal law,
Which guides us by a power and force Divine.

The heart of Man, the lines of Nature's page
  Reveal the deep, inspired thought of God—
  The message from the flowers of the sod,
The message from the soul's high heritage.

In Nature's book the poet reads his thought,
  This revelation of an Immortal mind—
  The mysteries inspired prophets find
In every symbol, God's handiwork has wrought.

Man seeks in Nature all that she can teach,
  'Till deep devotion fills his ardent heart,
  Whose ecstasy, in silence, can impart
The higher truths the human mind can reach.

Infinite the Power that rules the earth,
  Omnipotent throughout all Nature's course,
  That bides within our lives, 'till strengthened force
Of character reveals Celestial birth.

XVII

Pure thought and feeling Man can liberate,
  When near to God in Inspiration's hour,
  The high expression of his inner power,
From out Life's fullness, he can e'er create.

God-given Thought! a child of heart and brain,
  Bestowed on Sons of Light, to help the weak,
  Oh, gifted ones! from stores of Wisdom speak
Prophetic words of deeds men may attain.

Let Genius, with a sympathetic strain,
  Draw near the hearts of those whom it would
    lead,
  And give the fruits, these weaker natures need,
Their inner life, to strengthen and sustain.

Unto thy brother Man speak soul to soul,
  The Deity within strive to express,
  To highest aims thy loyalty confess
And then thou both shall read Truth's open scroll.

Pervading Light! existent evermore,
  Enshrines the spirit with effulgent hue
  And brings to Thought, the radiance to imbue
With deep significance, the scholar's lore.

XVIII

Find true and potent strength within thine Art,
  The beauty, that can harmonize the whole
  Of Life to highest use, reaching the soul
By all the deepest feeling in the heart.

God broadens vision and no darkness reigns,
  For in His Sight, each troubled one can rest
  And feel the Hope, by which all life is blessed,
And reach the Joy, true sanctity attains.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

In Man's achievements, God expresses thought,
  Through all the truths of Science and of Art,
  For by His Nature, as the ruling part,
Humanity its greatest work has wrought.

By inner light comes full creative force,
  The spirit's growth, which nurtures and unfolds
  The active power of mind and heart, that holds
The strongest impulse, in Man's upward course.

The image of a God each Man reveals,
  Who lifts Humanity unto the plane,
  Where every life such purity can gain
That, sanctified, no more to error yields.

The perfect Man lies deep within the mould,
  That cast his aspirations into form,
  That shaped his life, amid its stress and storm,
To lines of Beauty, which God's hand controlled.

XIX

Achieve the best, that lies within thine Art,
  Reach out with impulse to a noble end,
  For infinite the scope, that zeal will send,
If God's sweet harmonies stir in thine heart.

Be firm in will, to pure conviction true,
  Lay down foundation stones that must sustain
  The nobleness our higher lives retain,
When characters their moral force renew.

Above the glory of the Stars and Sun,
  Above the Elements, in wielding might,
  Man stands within the consecrated Light,
Reflected from the great Eternal One.

Man! Master over self can strength renew,
  Can loose the chains that hamper human life,
  Can stand triumphant over sin and strife,
For souls to their inheritance are true.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

All truth responds unto the spirit's quest,
  The senses fail, when seeking for its seed,
  But sanctified, the inner life will feed
Upon the fruits that God, with Love, has blessed.

From life beyond comes harmony complete,
  When songs of dawn hail with Immortal Light
  The conquest over Death, while Terror's flight
Brings Joy and Love, when Man and Godhead meet.

Confess not thou art baffled in Life's race,
  All Hope and Aspiration still renew,
  Through Storm and Night, thine upward path
    pursue,
Until the sun strikes full upon thy face.

How cold the heart, warped by Desire alone,
  The thirst for Fame, for Riches' hoarded store,
  Of Feeling starved, while losing more and more
True moral strength, Man's bulwark and his throne.

THE UNITY OF LIFE AND SPIRIT

Think on thy Majesty, oh Man, and save
  Thy dignity by earnest, noble deeds,
  For if thy spirit quails, thy life concedes
Its birthright to a coward and a slave.

The Horoscope of every Man is made,
  "An heir of God" is Heaven's firm decree,
  That lifts him to a plane where he can see
How heritage makes Manhood unafraid.

Within ourselves a true Redeemer lies
  To bring from darkness deep each dormant grace,
  For when in life these find an active place,
The living God in Man will then arise.

Sing loud the Anthem of a ransomed soul,
  The song exultant over death and sin,
  That heralds Life, where Light has entered in,
When all the clouds to outer darkness roll.

A PROMETHEAN PROPHECY

(While chained to Caucasus' steep, Prometheus defiantly addresses Jove.)

ITH clear prophetic vision, I can see
Down Ages vast, until Eternity
In bounds illimitable, the fleeting days
Of Time will hold. Triumphant I will gaze
Upon thy throne, O Jove! ground to the dust
By higher strength than thine. Submit thou must
To fallen Destiny, that risen Man
The depths of all the Universe can scan.

Blow, blow thy bitter vengeance on the wind,
Whose hurling blasts will show no trace behind
Of thy fiery anger. Ne'er canst thou hold
The lightnings in thy grasp, or tight enfold
The storm-cloud in thine arms. Thy mandates vain
No hidden treasures from the Earth can gain.

A PROMETHEAN PROPHECY

Rebellious to thy words of harsh command,
The Elements, subservient will stand,
Obedient to the wisdom of a mind,
Which dares all latent Force to rule and bind.

In wreaking fury, thou hast only sought
To use these instruments of Nature, wrought
To test Man's skill, but helpless thou shall see
The lightning, chained by human will, to be
In power supreme, imprisoned for the needs
Of Progress and of Art. While in the deeds
By Science led to victory, thou shalt view
Light, Heat, and Air, as forces born anew,
Spring forth in living strength, to smooth the way,
Where naked feet once bled 'neath Labor's sway.
And thou shalt see no bondsmen 'neath its wheel,
When toilers rise to levels, that appeal
To the Soul's true mission. No more to gaze
Upon the ground, for upward they can raise
Their eyes to Light unquenchable, to claim
Inheritance Divine, in highest aim.

Ambition new will fire the active brain,
The years will yield their treasures back again,
To be once more within the furnace cast,
Brought forth in form, concealed in Ages past.

Lord over Might, that slumbers in the ground,
That rides the Air, whose mysteries surround
All Nature's realms, Man, from the occult mind,
New laws will waken and new strength will find,
Whereby the wheels, with all Earth's vast resource,
Can grind the food for his unmeasured course
On the highway of Progression.

This fate
Is his, that reaching forth, he may create
From Elements and Forces in control,
The handiworks of Genius, as they roll
To substance and to shape; so great they seem
A Wizard's product, pictured in a dream.

Thus in Majestic pride will Man defy
Opposing strength and as a conqueror lie

A PROMETHEAN PROPHECY

In wait for realms, where Mind can reign
Triumphant over Matter, there to aim
E'en to the orbs of Heaven. Naught can restrain
The fiery impulse, still to grasp again
To loftier ends, still daring to achieve
What, in thy weakness, thou couldst not conceive.

Bow thine own head, oh Jove! and cast aside
The trappings of false sovereignty and pride.
Above thy power, oh thou revengeful clod,
Revealed by inward sense, I found a God
Near to myself, whose Presence will infuse
The boon of Hope, which Man can never lose;
And in the bliss a noble spirit gains,
I rise beyond thee and thy cruel chains.

The human soul, crowned with eternal Light,
Shines clear above the darkness of the night
Thou fain would spread around it, with black
wings
Of desolating power.

Within man springs
The impulse of true Virtue, which can rise
Beyond the realm, wherein Earth's vulture tries,
With ravening force, to bear away his heart
To dark domains of Greed—there to have a part
With grovelling minds, to feel the sordid aim,
The hampered thought, the blighting, withering claim
Of Superstition's king—a thief to steal
Man's birthright in God's image, to reveal
Before his gaze the hideous, brazen mien,
Beneath whose lines dull Error's face is seen.

Give me the knowledge, born of bitter pain,
The suffering life, the soul without a stain,
Uplifted far to sunny heights, to feel
The atmosphere of God, naught to conceal
Before His Presence, for joined to Godhead one,
The Mortal can approach, e'en as a son
Of Righteousness, high Heaven's mighty throne,
To claim Immortal Wisdom as his own.

By Sacrifice and Pain, he can repel
Thy scorn and tyranny while Truth can tell
In mighty tones the glory of the power
Which leads to liberty. This precious dower,
Untrammelled by false Gods, I feel my own,
To be transmitted to my sons unknown;
A heritage of Love, not that of Fear,
Which God has left me. Death doth now appear
Time's misty veil, soon to be rent in twain,
That Hope and Joy may overshadow Pain.
And by extended vision, my eyes can see
Transfigured Life, within Eternity.

Am I dragged down by chains to dark despair,
To quail before the stings, so hard to bear?
Or like a slave pray for a quick release
From cruel torture, that its throes might cease?
Oh, would my agony a thousand fold
I felt, than that my sons should e'er behold
Truth's standard trail the dust, or God-given Thought,
Debased in aim, to lowest levels brought

For sordid gain or e'er restricted down
To narrow tenets—that withered crown
Religion oft may wear.

But Man, with pride,
Will read the book of Nature, where abide
Eternal secrets, waiting for the sight
Of eyes unsealed, waiting for the light
Of minds, regenerate by truths Divine and free,
God's written scroll—a vast reality
As ministers to worship, outward signs
To inward meanings, unmistaken lines
Of broad significance, all animate
With that Divinity, whose Being great
Will merge us in Himself, Evil to crush,
The tones of Anger, Hate and Strife to hush,
While wails of Grief will cease 'neath Hope's sweet song
Of loud rejoicing, resonant and strong,
Reaching in rhythmic melody beyond
The harmonies of spheres.

A PROMETHEAN PROPHECY

Held by a bond
Of Love, as God incarnate, Man will greet
His fellow man, on higher planes to meet,
Until the Spirit can triumphant reign,
That Life its noblest destiny can gain.

The years will bring achievement over Wrong
And all the chains will break, which fettered long
The Soul's free action, as Conviction true,
With knowledge, ever widening, brings to view
The larger needs, in Man's progressive course,
Divine and endless in aspiring Force.

This glorious work, created by my hand
With primal strength, in purity will stand,
By sharp, conflicting passions, all unstained,
Living in noble deeds.

This birthright gained
Above the dust, uplifts with courage firm
The Man redeemed by an Immortal germ.

TIME AND THE SPIRIT OF MAN

TIME cried, as he rode on the blast,
"I rule but to conquer at last,
For the works that were reared by man,
That have stood in the days, that ran
Through my cycle of years, all, all
Shall crumble and fall.

"I will weaken the stalwart frame,
Blur the eyes with the mists that came,
When the sound of Death's solemn knell
Brought sadness and sorrow, to tell
That I smite, where Love did reign
And cries are but vain."

Then, out of the darkness of Night,
Rose above the ruin and blight
A voice from the spirit of Man:
"I see beyond Ages, to scan

The regions, where as a burnt scroll,
Time's kingdom shall roll.

"For, inspired by breath Divine,
All the strength of a God is mine;
Instead of the wails of sorrow,
A song will herald the morrow,
In whose dawn Eternity shines
On Life's darker lines."

THE ANGEL OF LIFE

I CRIED to the Angel of Life, "bring peace
to my soul,
For rough are the waters which over
Time's precipice roll,
All laden with branches of bloom, Hope once left to
me,
To be lost in the waves, flowing fast to the fathomless
sea."

I cried to the Angel of Life, "fill my cup to the brim,
And bring the bound sheaves, with all their fullness
therein,
To gladden the hours, for short is the tenure of bliss,
As fleeting in rapture as is the sweet warmth of a
kiss."

Thus the Angel of Life whispered close to my low-
beating heart:
"Rise, rise to the level of grace, where thy spirit hath
part

In God's essence Divine, while thy soul with immaculate birth,
From no mess of pottage must feed on the pleasures of earth.

"Full strong is thy harp, and Song in its joy is elate;
Let it thrill thee to action, in the deeds that await
Love's noble fulfilment, by which thou shalt see
God's Nature reflected, bringing His peace unto thee.

EARNEST PURPOSE.

THE measure of success is found in zeal,
Men grow by fiery impulse, in the task,
Thrown on their hands nor can they stop to bask
In sunshine, or in adoration kneel
To idols vain, while work and purpose real
Stand on the soul's high pedestal. We ask
For bread, but are content, through Pleasure's mask,
To take the stones our worldly lives reveal.

But all can reach that higher atmosphere,
Where each true thought survives, and clothed with light,
As in a garment, can approach so near
The inner sanctuary of God's grace,
That, shining from the radiance of His face,
Our own shall beam effulgent, pure and bright.

IMMORTAL WISDOM.

FROM every line, penned by a master hand,
We feel the thrill of keen and wild delight,
As if the blood had caught the glowing, white,
Immortal heat of genius. Awed we stand
Before the throne of God, when in the grand
Repose of silent thought, we catch a sight
Of Aureoles, shining down from Heaven's height,
To wait upon an earnest soul's command.

But seeking light, it seems as if the rays
Would e'en consume this frail mortality
Of weak, impassioned flesh, which longs to see
Immortal wisdom, as God's shining scroll,
Infinite through ages, all unroll,
To lead the spirit unto deathless days.

BROAD HUMANITY.

I HELD a hand, all wrinkled, hard and worn,
And on its roughened palm my tears I shed,
That I was so unworthy, to be led
By its firm grasp o'er rocks, when sun and thorn
Had browned and pricked the flesh, so often torn,
In binding up the roses for my head,
And delving deep, while I with dainties fed,
Rejoiced because within the purple born.

For when the man 'neath ragged garments spoke,
Unfolding truth, as I still sat in doubt,
My stinted nature then went reaching out
For sustenance, and these strong words awoke
My lethargy: "Let God's true image be
Revealed within thine own Humanity."

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